

Solstice Swifts
by Greg Kennedy

Faithful to name and nature,
The swifts dart and dive,
laughing Furies
in a solstice sky
made wide for a playful evening.
The day's gossip spins in twists
and turns of plot and wing,
at times madly flapping,
at times as straight
as arrows sanely shot.
Suddenly light, brick and darkness
align and home unleashes
its deepest pull. The lonely chimney cries.
They curl midflight and fall
as infants into Mother Spirit's lap,
their laughter louder now
so gently swallowed.